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Their combination, in **PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO**, makes a splendid, rich lather that does not leave the hair dry, brittle, faded and unruly, but soft, tractable and glossy.

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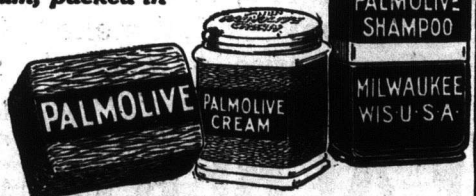
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Richenda and Gulielma stood hand in hand, and with pale faces regarded their tormentors. The horror of the situation had bereft them of the power of speech.

Each man put his pipe in his pocket and wiped his mouth with the back of his horny hand. Richenda and Gulielma closed their eyes and prayed. The next moment they were rudely seized, and kissed heartily on the lips at least thrice.

Then the ruffians released them, and uttering shouts of laughter, which might have been heard a mile down the road, went on their way. It would require a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe the effect of this outrage upon the moral consciousness of the sisters. Modesty was affronted beyond the power of words to express. The holy of holies had been profaned. They went steadily on their homeward way, under the burden of ineffaceable shame. No words were spoken. When they reached their apartment, they looked at each other, blushed painfully, and burst into tears. Never till the day of their death did either sister ever allude even in the most distant manner to the outrage.

Henry Probyn was a pupil at the Friends' boarding school at Croydon. He was in his twelfth year. He had come home to Plaistow for the summer vacation. The place afforded him but few opportunities of relaxation. His parents were strict Friends; they gave the boy the biographies of George Fox and William Penn to read, and for outdoor recreation urged him to enlarge his knowledge of the sciences of botany and entomology.

at half-past three. The boy was big for his age, with a round, good-humoured face, and small, quizzical grey eyes.

The sisters were inexperienced in the habits and instincts of boys, and they were a little at a loss to know what to do with Henry when he stood before them, smiling and confident. They brought out the old picture-books, sacred relics of their childhood, which their father had made for them more than fifty years ago. Then Richenda produced her beautifully arranged collection of sea shells, and Gulielma exhibited her case of geological specimens. For these things Henry showed but moderate admiration, and when the exhibition was over, he abruptly asked permission to inspect the garden.

"Certainly thou mayest go into the garden, Henry," said Richenda cheerfully. "Thou wilt not get into mischief, I am sure, and when thou hearest a bell sound, thou must come into tea."

"I promise not to be late, Richenda Gilling," said the boy, with a sly look, and clattered along the passage in his thick boots.

Henry Probyn had the large flower and kitchen gardens all to himself; but instead of studying botany, he found his amusement in the torment of spiders. It was his reprehensible practice to take one of these insects from its own web, and pop it into the web of another spider of about the same size. The strife that ensued brought joy to his unregenerate heart. This nefarious occupation had one advantage—it kept him quiet, and the time passed pleasantly



Alpine club members resting and lunching.

Henry suffered the abomination of desolation. His proud spirit found congenial amusement in the stealthy breaking of the neighbours' windows, and making himself sick with surreptitiously smoking pieces of cane. Quakerism did not appeal to Henry Probyn. He had suffered punishment more than once for damaging the eyes and noses of his schoolfellows. A dark and disgraceful future was confidently predicted for him by William Stackpole, the principal of Croydon School. As a member of the Society of Friends, Henry Probyn was sadly out of place. He was militant and mischievous. Soon after attaining legal manhood, he resigned his membership, and is now, I believe, a prosperous stockbroker, and the retired Colonel of a Volunteer regiment.

Now the sisters Gilling never met anyone without studying how they could do them a benefit or a kindness. They had noticed Henry at meeting on First Day morning, and though he bore himself in a seemly manner during the service, they fancied he had a rather forlorn look. When they reached home, Richenda said: "Didst thou see Henry Probyn at meeting, Gulielma? I believe his vacation is drawing to a close; would it not be kind to invite him here for an afternoon? It might be an agreeable change for the boy."

"It is thoughtful of thee to suggest it, Richenda," said her sister; "I believe it will give the boy pleasure to pay us a visit."

So an invitation was written, which resulted in Henry Probyn's appearance at Pennington Lodge one afternoon

enough till the bell summoned him to the house. When he came to the table, his face wore a look of cherubic innocence, and his hands were moderately clean.

The sisters regarded him with approval, and each decided in her own mind to present him with a florin on his departure.

"How hast thou amused thyself, Henry?" asked Gulielma.

"I have been watching the spiders, Gulielma Gilling," he replied.

"I do not like spiders," said Gulielma, "but I should be sorry to see them harmed."

"I am pleased to find that thou takest an interest in such things," said Richenda. "The industry and ingenuity of spiders are indeed wonderful, and no doubt they fulfil a useful purpose in the scheme of creation. Thou wilt please sit here, Henry."

The sisters never forgot that meal as long as they lived. They had never seen a schoolboy eat before; the spectacle was a revelation to them. They had provided bountifully; ham, tongue, preserves, cake and fruit were there in rich abundance. The fare at Croydon School was plentiful but plain, and the fare at Henry's home was far from luxurious. He had never before sat down to such a table as this, and it might be a long time before he had such another opportunity, so he gave free rein to his carnal appetite.

The sisters had satisfied their own modest requirements in a little more than ten minutes. They now sat watching the heroic performance of Henry